

THE

Happy Lovers:

OR, THE

Beau Metamorphos'd.

AN

OPERA.

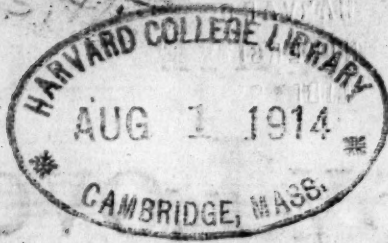
By *HENRY WARD*, Comedian.

*'Tis Liberty of Choice that sweetens Life,
Makes the glad Husband, and the happy Wife.*

CENTLIVRE.

EDINBURGH,

Printed by R. DRUMMOND and COMPANY,
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Ernest L. Gay
Boston

BOUND OCT

1915



Dedication,

Most humbly Offer'd

To all the WORTHY
GENTLEMEN, LADIES,
and OTHERS, Subscri-
bers to the following
Sheets.

AS it has been a Custom, Time
out of Mind, for Authors of all
Degrees to apply to some particular Pa-

iv *DEDICATION.*

tron or Patrons, for Sanction to beg the Credit of their Names, to screen their Works from the Envy or Malice of little carping Criticks, and pay their just Acknowledgment for Favours conferr'd, and at the same Time to Apologize for any little Fault, which might (either through Haste in Writing, or Error in the Press, for want of Time. for more regular Correction) have crept into their Works; this being a general Affair, and as such supported, I thought it my Duty to make an Address by a general Dedication, and most humbly hope all that have honour'd me with the Favour of their Names, will so far continue their Indulgence as to read it with Candour, and consider what they
read,

DEDICATION. v

read, as the light, tho' not the loose
Escapes of a young Author: I shall not
vainly boast the Merit of these Pieces,
nor meanly decry them, I think one as
Arrogant as the other Ignorant; for if
there can be any Thing more absurd
than Self-praise, it must be, foolishly to
cry down the Value of one's Ware, and
then impudently invite Men of Sense to
a Purchase. All I can say in their Be-
half is, That they are most of 'em new,
and my own Production, and I cou'd
wish (as the Country Folks say) they
were better for your Sake; Infallibility
was never yet given to any Author,
nor was the best of 'em without Faults,
tho' I blush to give myself that Title,
when I reflect on the Trifles now offer'd
to

vi **DEDICATION.**

to your View. I hope you'll consider
this as an Apology, and remember,

(Humanum, est Errare.)

If I might hope to be honour'd with
the Favour of your Protection, equal to
my Reception, I have all my Vanity
cou'd prompt me to desire; I will, how-
ever, flatter myself, it is so; and, in
that Assurance, make bold to subscribe
myself,

Your oblig'd, and

ever grateful

humble Servant,

HENRY WARD.

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Dramatis

Miss

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Timothy Careful, Father to *Celia*.

Modish, a Fop, in Love with *Celia*, and encouraged by *Sir Timothy*.

Constant, in Love with *Celia*.

Friendly, Companion to *Constant*.

Jeremy, Servant to *Sir Timothy*.

Charles, Servant to *Constant*.

W O M E N.

Celia, Daughter to *Sir Timothy*, in Love with *Constant*.

Betty, Maid to *Celia*, a Pert one.

Scene *London*.

The



T H E

Happy LOVERS:

O R,

The Beau Metamorphos'd.

S C E N E I.

CONSTANT's Lodgings.

Constant, Solus.

WHAT strange Emotions do I find within
me! My flutt'ring Spirits dance a nimble
Round, and a glowing Warmth has
seiz'd on every Part, through every Vein a thrill-
ling Joy does pass; I doat on the dear Maid, and
can find no real Satisfaction but in her Company.

C

AIR

A I R I. *Hondel's Minuet.*

*Dear Celia's Form as I survey,
 Her Smiles a thousand Wounds impart;
 Each Feature steals my Soul away;
 Each Glance deprives me of my Heart,
 And chasing thence each other fair,
 Leaves her own Image only there,
 Leaves her own Image only there.*

Enter Friendly.

Ha! my dear Constant! you are the Person whom I most wish'd (but least expected) to meet, pray how have you spent your Time lately?

Const. We us'd formerly, *Friendly*, to delight in Books, but we were ignorant then of the pleasantest Part of Knowledge—Woman. Dear *Friendly*, a Sort of Books prohibited at the University, because you grave Dons don't understand them.

Friend. Ah! *Constant!* Woman is like the Weather-cock, always changing.

A I R II. *Cold and Raw.*

*Women most are like the Wind
 That is always a-changing;
 Some to Lewdness are inclin'd,
 Others to roving and ranging.
 Happy is he who has least to do
 With any such fickle Creature.
 One in a hundred scarce is true,
 But false we know by Nature.*

Const. Pray what makes you speak against the Ladies? One wou'd imagine you had liv'd in the first

first Age and Infancy of Cuckoldom: Custom alters every thing, a Pair of Horns perhaps once seem'd as odd an Ornament for the Head as a Periwig: but now they are equally fashionable, and a Man is no more star'd at for one than the other.

Friend. But what fair Creature is this, that reigns sole Mistress of your Heart?

Const. She is Daughter to Sir *Timothy Careful*, without doubt, you have seen her.

Fr. What, *Celia*? I know her perfectly well, but her Father, I hear, has promis'd her to that apish Coxcomb, *Modish*, who indeed has a very large Income, which (with the old Gentleman) makes up the Deficiency of his want of Wit and Merit, I suppose.

Const. She meets my Passion with an equal Flame; and tho' a thousand Difficulties may delay our Happiness, they shan't prevent it: But, *Friendly*, can you devise no Method in which you cou'd be serviceable to me.

Fr. Why, I'll tell you, *Constant*, Sir *Timothy* has a great Veneration for a Man of Courage, and thinks this fool one, which is one Motive that makes him give his Daughter in Marriage: Now, if I undeceive him in that Particular, (as I know I can) he may recal his Promise to him, and perhaps make you both happy in your Loves.

Const. How will you undeceive the Knight, for he is prodigiously prepossess'd in the Coxcomb's Courage.

Fr. In this Manner: *Modish* every Day walks under the Piazza, you know, at Twelve, where
I will

I will be to Day at the same time, and cast saty-
rical Reflections on the Ladies, which may pro-
voke the Fop to send me a Challenge.

Const. And will very honourably disappoint
you, Ha! ha!

Fr. Right, Ha! ha! ha!

Const. Sir, I always found you a sincere Friend;
but Virtue and Friendship are as much out of
Fashion now, as Honesty and plain Dealing.

Fr. Virtue may indeed be unfashionable in this
Age, for Ignorance and Vice will always live to-
gether; but Virtue is a Diamond, which, when
the World despises, 'tis plain that Knaves and
Fools have too much Sway therein.

Const. Ay, Virtue and Diamonds may be very
like one another, but faith, they are seldom the
Ornaments of the same Persons.

Fr. I'm sorry for it, I am now in hopes to
meet *Modish*, and shall endeavour to compass my
Designs on him; for, as the Poet says,

*Great Souls by Instinct to each other turn,
Demand Alliance, and in Friendship burn.*

[Exit.

Constant, Solus.

I'll now endeavour an Opportunity to see my
dear *Celia*; I swear there's not a Feature in that
lov'd Form that I wou'd change for Worlds.

A I R III. *Love's a gentle generous Passion,
Lovely Woman! greatest Treasure
That on Earth appears divine,
Bless me now beyond all Measure;
Let me be for ever thine,*

Let

*Let me be for ever thine.
 To thy dear lov'd Arms I'm flying,
 On the Wings of soft Desire,
 Trembling, sueing, sighing, dying,
 To avow my constant Fire,
 To avow my constant Fire.*

SCENE II. *Sir Timothy Careful's House.*

Enter Sir Timothy.

Here, where all my Servants! *Jeremy, Betty,*
 where, where are you all.

Enter Betty.

Did you call, Sir?

Sir Tim. Aye, desire my Daughter *Celia* to
 come to me.

Betty. I shall, Sir.

Exit.

Sir Tim. How happy shall I be, if I can but
 prevail upon my Daughter to marry Mr. *Modish*,
 he has Four thousand a Year of his own, which,
 with what I may give her, may make them hap-
 py; but I know the Girl detests him, but I'll
 make her marry him for all that: However, I'll
 first try what soft Perswasions will do with her—
 O here she is.

Enter Celia.

Betty inform'd me, Sir, you wanted to speak
 with me.

Sir Tim. Aye, I do so; it is to desire you to
 cast off all Thoughts of your Lover *Constant*, and
 to

to fix on a Person whom I shall think proper for you, Mr. *Modish* is the Man I mean, Child, he is a Gentleman of a great Fortune, and worthy of your Love.

Cel. Sir, I hope you don't think but that I'd prefer Mr. *Constant*, with his small Fortune of Two hundred a Year, before that vain Fop with his Four thousand; for, if my Fortune (tho' but small) were but join'd to him that I love, 'twould make me happier, than to be sacrific'd to the Embraces of a Man, whom I do, and always shall abhor, tho' your Perswasions be ever so much to the contrary.

Sir Tim. Hussy! No Contradictions to the Match, either prepare to love him, or starve; for you shan't have a Penny of the Fortune I design'd you, unless you agree to the Proposals I make you.

Cel. Pray, Sir, consider how unhappy such a Match will make me.

Sir Tim. I shall not consider about it, but wou'd have you, nay, command you to receive Mr. *Modish* as one I design for your Husband, or—

Cel. Dear Sir, hear me.

Sir Tim. I'll hear no more of your frivolous Excuses, I once more tell you, I expect my Commands to be obey'd.

AIR IV. *Hear me ye Nymphs, and every Swain.*

Celia. *Be kind, nor longer wrack my Heart,
When pensive Care appresses;*

My

*My Soul already akes with Smart,
Then urge not my Distresses
With fancy'd Joy, and certain Pain:
Despair and Hope invade me,
Let me no longer sue in vain,
'Tis Love has thus betray'd me.*

Sir *Tim.* Love has betray'd you, very pretty truly; is not Mr. *Modish* as handsome, think you, as Mr. *Constant*, he's as young I'm sure: Besides, he's a Beau, and I wonder that shou'd not take with you; for I know your Sex are generally enamour'd with those fort of Sparks: Besides, he can sing and dance, then he's as valiant as *Hercules*; and some other great Accomplishments you'd find in him, if you wou'd but marry him, you little Rogue? Here, let me see hold of your Hand, I'll shew you how he can Dance, (*Tol, tol, and sings and capers*) Oh! my Stitch, odd there had like to have been a Caper for you, only my Fabrick is very weak, and the least Motion loosens the Joints.

Cel. Sir, all this Praise will avail nothing; for I can never love him.

Sir *Tim.* Love him! why it does not signify a Fig whether you love him or not; marrying for Love is quite out of Fashion now; I'll allow such Things have been practis'd some two or three Centuries ago, but now it is quite forgot, love him, quotha, ha! ha! ha!

Cel. Sir, You can never make me falsify my Word to *Constant*. Send me to a Nunnery; do all

My

all your Anger can invent to make me change my Love, yet all will be in vain.

Sir *Tim.* Heyday! What Thunder is here, Hufsey? get out of my Sight, and let me never see your Face again.

Cel. Sir, I'll go from you with more Pleasure than I wou'd into the Arms of a Man, with whom I shou'd be for ever miserable; and I should be the Derision of the whole Town to marry with a Man who has nothing to recommend himself, but Wealth; Sir, I with my small Fortune, and the Man I love, wou'd be contented to live retir'd from all the vicious Pleasures of this Town, and think it happier much, and so wou'd you, if you had any Consideration for your Daughter's Welfare.

Sir *Tim.* Well, Madam, you may go on an Hour longer if you think proper, for I resolve you shall have none but him; I must now to the Exchange about Business, which I shall endeavour to dispatch with all imaginable Haste, and at my Return expect to find you in a little better Humour, or else expect my Hatred to you for ever.

[*Exit.*

Celia, Solus.

Was ever Parent so cruel! if *Constant* shou'd not love me at last! But I dare believe he's a Man of more Honour than to banish me in this Extremity—here—*Betty.*

Enter *Betty.*

Bet. Did you call, Madam.

Cel. Yes, Go call me a Chair, I'll to my Cousins, and try to divert my Melancholy.

Enter

Enter *Jeremy*.

Jer. Madam, Mr. *Constant*'s below, and desires to know if you are at Leisure to receive him.

Cel. Yes, Desire him to walk in.

Jer. I shall, Madam.

[*Exit.*]

Enter *Constant*.

Const. My dear *Celia*! I have not seen you this Week! A Year it seems to me that loves so true, what Cause has prevented the Pleasure of seeing you?

Cel. My Father's keeping me so close at Home, or else you know too well how far my Inclinations press me to your Advantage.

AIR V. *The bright God of Day.*

O *Constant*! in vain
I my *Passion* constrain,
'Tis you are the Cause of my Grief;
I strive, but with Pain,
My Love to refrain,
Still, still I can find no Relief.

I was now going to my Cousin's to enquire for you, to tell you the barbarous Usage my Father treats me with upon your Account; he's now gone from me to the Exchange, in the greatest Passion in the World, vowing, That if I don't marry Mr. *Modish*, he'll turn me out of Doors without my Fortune.

Const. He can't sure be so cruel! However, dear *Celia*, let not his Threats affright you, the little Fortune I am Master of will be sufficient to make us live happy together, tho' not in so grand a

D

Man-

Manner as I cou'd wish for your sake, tho' I don't doubt but in a little Time after we are married (as I take you with all the Pleasure in the World without a Fortune) he must needs be convinced I love you, and will certainly relent and bestow the Fortune which he now denies; but if he still remain inexorable, then, my dear *Celia*,

*Love shall make up what Fortune does deny,
And Love alone shall all our Wants supply.*

AIR VI. *Did ever Swain a Nymph adore.*

*Flowers in Spring are not so sweet,
Nor yet so tempting as your Air;
In you all lovely Graces meet,
None sure with you can e'er compare;
Bless'd beyond Measure shall I be,
When once possess'd of lovely thee.*

Cel. I'm convinc'd of the Sincerity of your Passion, and my Father's Cruelty shall give me no longer Uneasiness. Pray, when did you see *Friendly*?

Const. This Morning, my Dear, he is now gone in Pursuit of *Modish*, to find some Means to quarrel with him, by casting some Reflections upon Women, and, in particular, to desire him to quit all Pretensions to you; so that, if the Fop's valiant, he'll appoint a Place to fight; which, if he does, I'm sure *Friendly* will get the better of him; but if he proves an arrant Coward (of which I'm pretty well assur'd) 'twould cause us a great deal of Mirth, and may be a Means to make him kinder

kinder to us after we are married: Therefore, my Dear, let us about it instantly.

AIR VII. *Pretty Polly say.*

*Come, come away, my Dear,
For I am now sincere;
Therefore banish all your Fear,
Since I'm a true Lover.*

Cel. *When'er I find
You prove kind,
You ease my Mind
To think you are no Rover.*

Const. *Truth of Passion pray believe.*

Cel. *Yet I fear you may deceive.*

Const. *Not you, my pretty Dear.*

Cel. Well, here's my Hand, my Heart you have already; but I wou'd have you go before me to my Cousin's, I'll take a Chair and follow you, because it won't be proper for both to be seen go out together.

Const. Well, my Dear, your Commands shall always be obey'd—one Kiss. *[Kisses her.]*

*Farewel, my dearest, kindest, truest Love,
My Diligence shall my Impatience prove.*

[Exit.]

Cel. Betty, Call the Chair back again, I'll follow him before my Father returns; I may depend, I think, on his honest Declaration; which, if it changes, makes me ever miserable.

AIR

AIR VIII. *King's-Arms.*

Should I discover
 My Lover a Rover,
 I fear my tender Heart wou'd break,
 To find him pursuing
 My Ruin, Undoing,
 And all the bad Courses that e'er he cou'd take,
 Still I'm afraid I should forgive him,
 And hug him yet closer,
 Secur'd from all Harms,
 With Kissing and Pressing,
 Still wish for Possessing,
 And fold him with Rapture and Joy in my Arms.
 [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Piazza.*

Enter *Modish*.

Well, I am now meditating on that beautiful
 Creature *Celia*, and now I have a Bottle of *Ma-*
deira Wine in my Head, I'll go and attack him
 with the Air of a Man of Quality. Let me see—
 what shall I say to her? Oh! I have it. Strike
 me crooked, Madam, if ever I saw so beautiful a
 Person since my first Entrance into human Na-
 ture—Then she'll blush, and say, Lard, Sir, you
 praise me beyond my Deserts—Oh! Madam,
 that's impossible, 'tis not in the Power of Words
 to express how charming is that Shape, that Air,
 those Lily-white Hands, and all those—Pox I
 don't know what to say more, split me—I fancy
 I must attack her with a heroick Speech out of
Alexan-

Alexander the Great, which I believe may prove as agreeable to her as any thing in the World ; for I take her to be a little silly, ha, ha, ha, not witty enough to marry a Person of my Sense and Gaiety of Temper : But however, her Fortune is enough to allow us a separate Maintenance, so I am satisfy'd as to that point—Pho, Pox, here's Mr. *Friendly*, my Rival's Companion, what does he do this Way ! Pox on him, I can't help meeting him.

Enter *Friendly*.

Mr. *Modish*, I'm your humble Servant, I suppose, Sir, you are in pursuit of some of the fair Sex.

Mod. Why, Sir, to tell you Truth, I have made no less than six Levees to Day already, and am now going to make the seventh to Miss *Celia Careful* : But, Sir, I'll tell you of a great Misfortune I met with last Night, after the Play ; I being always very complaisant to the Ladies, I offered to hand my Lady *Hazard* to her Coach, but up comes a clumsy Cit with a paltry Mask, out of the Gallery, threw down the Lady's Page, and brush'd all the Powder out of my Periwig. I wou'd have run the Villain through the Guts, rat me, but to be try'd by a *Middlesex* Jury is the Devil you know ; for, Sir, if I once get footing in a Lady's Esteem, I stand too firm to be justled out by a worthless Cit, Dem me, Sir.

Fr. How odious the Coxcomb talks, [*Aside*] but I hope you are not going to enter into Matrimony, Mr. *Modish*.

Mod.

Mod. Pray, Mr. *Friendly*, what makes you so averſe to Matrimony, for my Part I am ſo fond on't, that I am going with all poſſible Speed to be married to Miſs *Celia Careful*.

Fr. Indeed I wou'd adviſe you, Mr. *Modiſh*, to the contrary, for he that takes a Woman in hand, in my Opinion, takes a wet Eel by the Tail, ha, ha, ha!

A I R IX. *My Heart was ſo free, &c.*

*A marry'd Man's Life
Is chiefly in Strife,
There's few that e'er meet with a Bleſſing;
But he that lives free
From the conjugal Tie,
Is happy beyond all expreſſing.*

Mod. Dem me, Sir, I'll ſuffer no Man to ſpeak againſt the fair Sex in my hearing!

Fr. Why, pray what's your Reaſon, Sir.

Mod. Becauſe I love them, and he that ſpeaks againſt them, deſerves to be beaten for a Coward, rat me.

Fr. A Coward! pray, Sir, who is it you brand with the Name of Coward? I fancy you mean me, Sir, therefore pray quit your impertinent Addreſſes to Miſs *Careful*, or elſe it ſhall ſoon be decided who is the Coward, you or I; for I believe you apiſh Milkſops boaſt of more than any of you are able to perform.

Mod. Egad now he begins to bully, I have not a Word to ſay for myſelf; [*Aſide*] come, Mr. *Friendly*, let all the ſilly Women in the World
be

be hang'd, why shou'd you and I quarrel? prithee let's be Friends, pray take a pinch of Snuff.

Fr. Dem your Snuff, Sir, do you mean to affront me. [Strikes down his Box.]

Mod. Dem it, if I put up so gross an Affront as this, I shall be the Jest of the whole Town!—Sir, this is a very improper Place to quarrel in; but if you'll be so kind to give me a Meeting at Four this Afternoon at the Crown-Tavern in *Cornhill*, I'll endeavour to shew myself (as I hope you will do) a Man of Honour and Courage.

Fr. That I shall, Sir, you need not doubt, so pray be punctual to your Time, or I shall quite spoil that hatchet Face of yours—so farewell, Snuff-Box. [Exit.]

Modish, Solus.

Now, dem me, if I han't brought myself into a fine Scrape! And how to get out on't I can't possibly tell—if I meet him, he'll certainly pink me, and if I don't, he'll post me for a Coward: Besides, I shall be laugh'd at by Sir *Timothy* and his Family, and when he finds I am not valiant, he won't give me his Daughter; enfeeble me, if I care a pinch of Snuff whether I have her or not; for if she won't, there are Ladies enough that wou'd be proud of marrying such a sprightly Gentleman as I am, dem me.—Oh! here comes Sir *Timothy*.

Enter Sir *Timothy*.

Mr. Modish, Your humble Servant, Sir.

Mod. I am superlatively yours, pray, Sir, how does your beautiful Daughter? May I hope to

to be made one of the happiest Persons in the World?

Sir *Tim*. Really, Mr. *Modish*, I can't tell, for the Jade's Head runs so much on Mr. *Constant*, that she vows she'll have none but him. But—

Mod. Dem me, Sir, I wou'd have you to know that I'm a better bred Person than to force your Daughter to wed me contrary to her Inclination. Sir, I believe you imagine I can have no one else; but enfeeble, Sir, if I can't have my Lady *Ogle-toun* with twice your Daughter's Fortune, only as I promis'd you first, I scorn to be worse than my Word—Split me, Sir, I fancy you take me for a Pander; but if you don't give me a final Answer in a Day or two—rat me, Sir, if I don't make a Cullender of your Carcase — Bravely spoken, strike me all of a Heap. [*Aside.*]

Sir *Tim*. Be patient, Sir, you shall know your Answer, and if she won't marry you, I'll never look upon her more; and when once you have had her a little while, and given her some Feather-bed Doctrine, 'twill soon put all Thoughts of *Constant* out of her Head; and so, Mr. *Modish*, your humble Servant. [*Exit.*]

Mod. Your Servant, dem me, if I have not frighten'd this old Fellow away now, I'll be hang'd; wou'd I could frighten *Friendly* as soon, the time of Meeting draws nigh, I shall never be able to go through this Duel, rat me, I wou'd freely give fifty Guineas to be fairly off; for if he shou'd spoil my Face, I shan't be able to stir out this twelve Months, and then the Ladies will miss me

me consumedly, dem me, if I'm not in a hundred Quandaries about this Matter.

Enter *Charles*.

Pray, Sir, was not Mr. *Friendly* here sometime ago.

Mod. Yes, *Charles*, he was here, but he is gone away in the greatest Passion imaginable, for he and I have had a slight Quarrel, and we have appointed a Place to meet to have a Duel. Now, *Charles*, what wou'd you advise me to do.

Char. Advise you to do, Why, to shew yourself a Man of Courage, and meet him at the Time and Place appointed.

Mod. Why really, *Charles*, I don't much care for this Business, and shou'd be oblig'd to you if you'd go in my room.

Char. Sir, I humbly thank you, I believe you wou'd: But really, Sir, I don't care to have a Sword run into my Guts, when I can as well avoid it, Ha, ha, ha.

Mod. Why, truly *Charles*, I can't say but thou art positively in the right, because if you shou'd be wounded, you'd perhaps find it a difficult Matter to pay the Surgeon: But however, I'll give thee thirty Guineas, if you'll undertake this Affair for me.

Char. Why, Sir, I confess there is some Temptation in thirty Guineas; but—

Mod. Pox! Never hesitate on the Matter, here's twenty more, sure fifty will do the Business, won't it, *Charles*, ha.

Char. Why, perhaps Sir, it may pay the Surgeon for what Wounds I shall get—But then I

E

hope

hope you'll consider I shou'd have something for my Trouble in going so far.

Mod. Well, here's a Note for fifty Guineas more, now I hope you're satisfied.

Char. Oh! Mr. *Modish*, you have such a winning Way with you; but after all, how must I personate you, so as not to be known.

Mod. Oh! here, we'll change Clothes, for then he'll take you for me depend upon it——So now I'll slip into a Chair, and get home, for fear any Body shou'd know me; pray, *Charles*, make haste, 'tis now three o'Clock, and four is the appointed Hour, so don't lose time, but away, I little thought to be transform'd into a Footman, dem me; but however, better so, than to have a Sword six Inches in my Guts, rat me, Chair, Chair.

[*Exit calling Chair.*]

Char. Was there ever such a Fool, to give me a hundred Guineas, and this Suit of Cloaths, for nothing but his Cowardice; well, I'll go now to Mr. *Friendly*, and inform him of this Affair. I shall be supply'd with Money from my Master's Bounty too when he hears on't. In short, People may say what they please, but Money is—is—is—every Thing.

A I R X. *Lads of Duncè.*

*The Chambermaid, without the Aid
Of Gold, will never consent to plot.*

*The Valet he, too loves the Fee,
As who is to be found that does not.*

*The gaudy dress'd Beau, with all his fine Show,
Will ne'er meet respect, except he has got Pence,
But*

*But give him the Gold, you'll find he'll be told,
Although a great Fool, he's a Man of good Sense.*

Enter *Constant*, who at first Sight takes *Charles* for *Mr. Modish*.

Const. Mr *Modish*, your humble Servant.

Char. Oh! Sir,—*Bows.*

Const. Heyday! What *Charles*, the Reason pray of this Transformation?

Char. I'll tell you, Sir, Ha, ha, ha, here has been Mr. *Modish*, and it seems Mr. *Friendly* and he has quarrel'd, and they appointed a Place to fight. Now, Sir, Mr. *Modish* has given me a hundred Guineas and lent me his Clothes, to go and meet Mr. *Friendly* in his room; so, Sir, I was coming to tell you of it, that you might prevent Mr. *Friendly*'s being disappointed, that's all, Sir.

Const. Very well, *Charles*, I'll immediately go to *Friendly*, and tell him of this Fool's Cowardice, and then I'll inform my dear *Celia*, that he may be laugh'd at on all Sides; for as I am married to my dearest, this may be a means to reconcile me to Sir *Timothy*; therefore, *Charles*, away in those Clothes to Sir *Timothy*'s House, for a particular Reason I have.

Char. I shall, Sir,—[*Exit.*

A I R XI. *Happy Clown.*

Const. *All Grief and Care I'll cast away,
And in their room let Mirth appear,
To celebrate this happy Day,
That gains my lovely fair;*

Such

*Such Pleasure and Transport possesses my Mind,
As not till this Moment I ever cou'd find,
Since she I lov'd alone
Has prov'd to my Wishes kind.*

[Exit.

Sir Timothy's House.

Enter Jeremy and Betty.

Bet. Well, I think my old Master is very cruel to his Daughter, to persuade her to have Mr. *Modish*, when her Heart is intirely fix'd on Mr. *Constant*.

Jer. Regard not other People's Affairs, Mrs. *Betty*, pray let us mind our own—When shall be the happy Day, my Charmer.

Bet. Happy Day, for what, Sauce Box?

Jer. Why, for us to be marry'd, my dear Angel.

Bet. Pray, Sir, let me have none of your impertinent Discourse, I desire you; if you are so eager to marry, I wou'd advise you to propose that Question to my Lady *Rambles* Laundry-Maid, with whom I believe you have been a little too busy.

Jer. Dearest Creature, don't wrong me so, you are too well assur'd of my Behaviour, I think no one equal to your charming self.

A I R XII. *On a Bank of Flowers, &c.*

*Of all the brightest Ladies gay,
That shine at Masquerade,
To me you seem more gay than they,
Though drest in rich Brocade.*

So

*So fair a Creature ne'er was seen,
With charming Shape and lovely Mien,
And a fal, la, der, ral.
To tempt all Men to Sin.*

Bet. Come, all this won't do, you thought, I suppose, I knew nothing of the Matter; but you'll find I do, and you'd do the same by me if you cou'd, you wou'd so, oh, oh.

[*Cries.*

Jer. Pray, Mrs. Betty, moderate your Passion: Come I know you only do this to try me all this while, for I know no such Person as you mentioned, nor do you, only you love to teaze me, you Jade you, come let's kiss and be Friends.

[*Kisses her.*

Bet. Pray don't kiss me, don't.

[*Pushes him slightly away.*

A I R XIII. *Blowzabella.*

Jer. *When the Miser quits his Treasure,
I then may prove false to thee;
But he'll ne'er forsake such a Pleasure,
Nor can I my lovely She:
Therefore my Dearest believe,
And treat me no more with Disdain.*

Bet. *I'm doubtful, and fear you'll deceive.*

Jer. *Can you still cruel remain?*

Bet. *Shou'd I try you,
You wou'd fly me,
And I fear inconstant prove.*

Jer. *My Truth never
Once shall waver
From the fair one that I love.*

Bet.

Bet. *Your Words are so soft and so kind,
I soon shall surrender my Charms.*

Jer. *Consent then now, while in the Mind,
And press me with Joy in your Arms.*

Bet. [*Aside*] I like this Fellow mightily, yet I love dearly to teaze him; I fancy I must marry him at last, to be reveng'd on him; well, why that serious Look now, ha! ha! ha!

Jer. Why, my Dear, I'm reflecting on the Cruelty you treat me with.

Bet. Cruelty! In what pray?

Jer. Why, for not marrying you a Month ago according to your Promise; now my young Mistress is married to Mr. *Constant*, I don't see why we shou'd not follow their Example, my Dear; for, as we have liv'd so long with Sir *Timothy*, I'll engage he wou'd not be against it in the least; therefore, pray, Love, let's about it instantly.

Bet. You may chance to repent your Bargain, perhaps; but however, here's my Hand, lead me where you please.

AIR XIV. *Joan, I do thee love.*

Jer. *Now we are agreed, tol, lol, lol.
Let us be marry'd with Speed. tol, lol, lol.*

Bet. *If you shou'd cruel prove, tol, lol, lol.*

Jer. *Can you then doubt my Love? tol, lol, lol.*

Bet. *Men will swear and lye. tol, lol, lol.*

Jer. *None so true as I—tol, lol, lol.
Prithee no more of this, tol, lol, lol.*

Bet. *Prithee then give me a Kiss, tol, lol, lol.*

Jer. *Twenty, my Dear, if you will, tol, lol, lol.*

[*Kisses her.*
Bet.

Bet. *Forty, I shan't take ill, tol, lol, lol.*

Jer. *Let us away and then, tol, lol, lol.*

Bet. *Prithee first kiss me again, tol, lol, lol.*

Jer. *I will always be true, tol, lol, lol.*

[Kisses her again.]

Bet. *Then indeed I will kiss you, tol, lol, lol.*

[She kisses him.]

Jer. *Let us then haste away, tol, lol, lol.*

Bet. *Prithee make no Delay, tol, lol, lol.*

(Both together.)

Where we will go and wed, tol, lol, lol.

Then we will haste to Bed, tol, lol, lol.

[Exit.]

Re-enter Betty.

Well, I must confess this Fellow's Addresses please me so much, that if he had the Confidence to ask the last Favour, without the Marriage Ceremony, I am so weak to think I shou'd not refuse him; for, when Love has set a Woman once on Fire, she's most uneasy till she finds a Man (on any Terms) to quench it.

A I R XV. *Trip to the Laundry.*

Though the Fair at first seems Coy,

And declares she'll not be kist,

But with awkward pish and fye,

Persuades her Lover to desist;

Yet if once he'll boldly storm her,

He'll his Conquest gain ne'er fear;

Let him but with Kisses warm her,

Soon he'll conquer, you know—where.

[Exit.]

Enter Sir Timothy, Celia and Constant.

Sir

Sir *Tim.* Mr. *Modish*, a Coward say you, I'll not believe it.

Const. 'Tis true, upon my Word, Sir, my Footman is below in his Clothes.

Sir *Tim.* Well, Mr. *Constant*, if the Story you tell me is true, I'll give you my Daughter, to be reveng'd on him. A Coward? Sbud, I hate a Coward.

Const. He little thinks I'm married to his Daughter already; but however, I'll conceal it as long as I am sure of his Consent. [*Aside.*]

Sir *Tim.* But I must be satisfied in this Affair a little further, before I give you my Consent, here *Jeremy!*

Enter *Jeremy.*

Did you call me, Sir?

Sir *Tim.* Aye, Step to Mr. *Modish's* Lodgings, and tell him I want to speak to him immediately. [*Exit Jeremy*] Now Mr. *Constant*, I shou'd think if he's a Coward, he'll be agham'd to come.

Con. Oh! I warrant he'll find Excuse for his Cowardice, though a very weak one.

Enter *Jeremy.*

Sir, Mr. *Modish* is coming up.

Sir *Tim.* Very well, leave us. *Exit Jeremy.*

Enter *Modish* new Drest.

Gentlemen and Ladies, I am your most humble Servant.

Const. Pray, Mr. *Modish*, what's the Reason you are new Drest, what, are you going to a Ball to Night?

Mod. Why, I'll tell you, Sir, *Friendly* is such a damn'd

a damn'd cholerick Fellow, that we quarrel'd to Day, and the Place of Appointment for the Duel was at the *Crown-Tavern* in *Cornhill*; and dem me, immediately after we entered the Room, we went to it damnable hard, and, to tell you the Truth, Gentlemen, the first Bout your Friend cut off the Skirt of my Coat; but, dem me, I wounded him twice in the Body, and—[*all Laugh*] Dem me, Gentlemen, what do you mean, what's the Cause of all this Laughter?

Const. Here, *Charles*!

Enter *Friendly*, *Betty*, and *Charles* in *Modish's* Clothes.

Mod. Ha! *Charles*, then I'm betray'd.

Fr. Well, Sir, what's the Reason you disappointed me to Day? If it was not for the Respect I owe this honourable Gentleman, I'd ram my Sword down your Throat, you Villain you, I would so.

Sir Tim. Have Patience, Mr. *Friendly*, let me come to him a little: Well, Sir, do ye expect to marry my Daughter now, ha! — Odd I'd see you hang'd first — Mr. *Constant*, I give her to you with all the Pleasure in the World, and a Fortune to enable you to live happy together: So now Mr. *Modish* you are at Liberty to marry my Lady *Ogletoun*, that you talk'd of this Morning; but never come *Ogling* here any more, I desire you, Sir, — A Beau, and dare not fight for their profess'd Darlings the Ladies, ha! ha!

F

ha!

ha! but bribe a poor Footman, ha! ha! ha! Oh scandalous!

Char. Mr. *Modish*, you may keep my Livery, if you please, 'twill serve you perhaps to go a Masquerading in, Ha! ha! ha!

Mod. What the Devil, am I to be the laughing Stock of every frivolous Fellow, I cannot bear this; but however, I'll smother my Resentment for a while. [*Aside.*] Well, Gentlemen, you may be all as merry as you please, but strike me dumb if I care this Snap of my Fingers; and, Sir, though I have not your Daughter, dem me, I may perhaps have them that's as agreeable to me; and so Gentlemen, without Ceremony, I am your most obedient, devoted, humble Servant.

[*Exit.*

All: Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Tim. Well, Children, Heaven bless you together, I long to see you a Bed methinks, odd, I'll throw the Stocking, you young Rogues, I will.

Cel. Sir, there's one Thing more I have to ask of you?

Sir Tim. Let it be what it will, I'll grant it, I am so overjoy'd to think you escap'd that Coward——Odd, I can't abide a Coward.

Cel. Why, Sir, *Jeremy* and *Betty* are willing to follow the Example of Mr. *Constant* and myself, and be marry'd, but hope you'll let them both continue in the Family.

Sir Tim. In the Family, Aye, that they shall,
and

and I'll give them a Hundred Guineas to begin a new Honey Moon with——

Jer. We'll endeavour to deserve this unexpected Favour, so generously conferred on us.

Const. Now, my dear *Celia*, we have nothing in Appearance to hinder our Happiness.—— *Mr. Friendly*, I have a just Sense of your Friendship, and hope I shall be capable of returning it to your Satisfaction: Now I hope all are happy.

AIR XVI. *Country Bumkin.*

Const. Now, my Dearest, I am blest
 In my Love,
 My Joys improve.
 Well assur'd I'm now possess
 Of Joys to last for ever.

Cel. I'll now banish all my Care,
 Since my Lover
 Is no Rover,
 I've no Cause then to despair,
 For now I'm blest for ever.

Fr. I'm pleas'd I shou'd successful prove
 To my Friend,
 My chiefest End
 Was to assist him in his Love,
 And make him happy for ever.

Jer. I'll always bless this happy Day,
 Now you're mine,
 I'll ne'er repine,

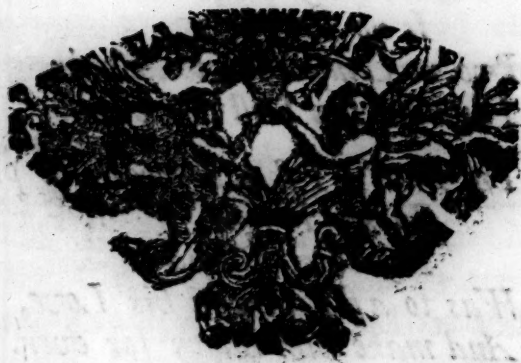
But

*But will drive all Care away,
For now I'm blest for ever.*

(C H O R U S .)

All. *We all now are blest
In our Loves,
Our Joy improves,
Every one that's here's possess
of Joys to last for ever.*

F I N I S .



T H E
Petticoat-Plotter :

O R,

More Ways than one for a Wife.

A

F A R C E,

Of Two ACTS.

By **HENRY WARD, Comedian.**

*Women, are Miracles the Gods have given,
That by their Brightness we may guess at Heaven.*

RAVENS CROFT.

E D I N B U R G H :

Printed by ROBERT DRUMMOND and Company. 1745.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mr. *Thrifty*, Father to *Isabella*.

Sir *Simon Scrape-all*, in Love with *Isabella*,
and encourag'd by her Father.

Truelove, a Gentleman of small Fortune, in
Love with *Isabella*.

Plotwell, *Truelove's* Man, the Plotter.

Shortgrace, a Chaplain.

Ananias, a Scrivener.

Nincompoop, Sir *Simon's* Man,

Cabbage, a Taylor.

Snip, his Man.

W O M A N.

Isabella, *Thrifty's* Daughter, in Love with
Truelove.

Scene *London*.

T H E

THE
PETTICOAT-PLOTTER:

O R,

More Ways than one for a Wife.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Dining Room.*

Enter Sir *Simon Scrape-all*, and Mr. *Thrifty*.

Thrifty. **W**HY, Sir *Simon Scrape-all*, I say
fear not, my Child shall be yours,
since I say it shall be so, you may conclude it
done.

Sir *Sim*. Mr. *Thrifty*, your Consent was what
I chiefly desir'd, had I the least Part of *Isabella's*
Favour, I shou'd be happy, but there's that
young Prodigal, *Truelove*, who has long courted
your Daughter.

Thrif. Oh! here comes the Gentleman you
speak of, the Treatment he receives from me,
shall soon ease your Fears, and put an End to
his impertinent Sollicitations.

Enter

Enter *Truelove*.

True. Mr. *Thrifty*, Good Morrow, Sir *Simon*,
I am your very humble Servant.

Thrif. Mr. *Truelove*, you are welcome, I just
now wish'd for you.

True. Sir, I am happy in having employ'd
your Thoughts, you are sensible of the pure Af-
fection I bear your Daughter.

Thrif. Mr. *Truelove*, I having thoroughly con-
sidered the many Qualifications of your Mind;
external, as well as internal; and also weighing
with my fatherly Affection the Necessity of pro-
viding a careful Husband for my Daughter, I do
here solemnly protest and vow, that I think *Tho-*
mas Truelove, the fittest Person in the World—
Not—to be *Isabella Thrifty's* Husband.

True. How, Sir, sure you do but jest, all this
is a Riddle to me.

Thrif. Then, Sir, to unriddle this Riddle;
without being thought a Conjuror, my Daugh-
ter shall never be your Wife.

True. But—Sir—

Thrif. I am not to be mov'd.

True. Why then, Sir—

Thrif. What then, Sir?

True. Why then you are a doating old Fool,
and this accursed Usurer, whose sole Delight is
fifty in the Hundred, who has these threescore and
ten Years walk'd about the World, dead—

Sir *Sim.* Dead, Sir.

True. Yes, dead Sir, you're now always por-
ing on the Earth, as if you were to dig your
Grave with your Eyes, or pierce to the Centre,
to

to search for more Gold.—But Mr. *Thrifty* give me your Reason why I am not good enough for *Isabella*.

Thrif. My Reason, Sir, Humph! And what if I am cross, and won't give my Reason, Sir, what then, Sir.

True. [*Aside*] I see the old Man is resolute, I must now use all Means that cunning Plots can inspire, to break this intended Marriage; it stings me to the Soul to think what Misery she must undergo, not in losing me, but in being join'd to that old Fox.

*My free and generous Means I've try'd in vain,
Now I must trust to Plotwell's working Brain.*

[*Exit.*

Sir Sim. A bloody minded young Fellow, adod we had best be careful.

Thrif. Sir *Simon*, I'll call my Daughter, you can court I warrant, Sir *Simon*, Eh—

Sir Sim. Aye, Neighbour, there was a Time, Eh—

Thrif. Hang Time, Sir *Simon*, there is a Time, and there shall be a Time—here, Daughter *Isabella*.

Sir Sim. Leave us not together, if you do, I am struck dumb.

Enter *Isabella*.

Isabel. Did you call, Sir.

Thrif. Yes, Child, be civil to this Gentleman; my fatherly Care has intended him for your Husband, my Presence is not necessary, Sir *Simon*.
eh, eh.

[*Exit,*
Sir

Sir *Sim.* I am confounded with her Beauty, how shall I begin. [*Aside*] Brightest Paragon of Beauty, accept the Offering of a Virgin Heart, who's proud to be made a Sacrifice to your bright Eyes—Adod I did not think it had been in me; a good Beginning. [*Aside*.

Isa. Sir, Have you any Business with me?

Sir *Sim.* Yes, Angel, the Business of Life, the Business for which we were all born, Love and Matrimony; thou Honey-suckle of the fragrant Fields, sweeter than Roses in the Month of *May*, allow me thus to kiss this Lilly-white Hand, and touch those dear delicious pretty round—Bubbles. Odd I cou'd eat you, you Rogue, you're all so sweet.

Isa. Fy, Sir, you kiss too hard.

Sir *Sim.* And will you then marry me, speak my Goddess, speak—it must be so, Silence in modest Virgins gives Consent.

Isa. Sir, in all things, I shall prove obedient to my Father's Will.

Sir *Sim.* My Life, my sweet Duck, adod I love you; and will love you; but when shall I be happy, eh Dearest.

Isa. Sir, I conjure you not to be too hasty, but as my Father thinks fit, as he commands, I shall be sure to obey. [*Exit.*

Sir *Sim.* A curious Girl, faith. [*walks about.*]

Enter *Thrifty*.

Sir *Simon*, Sir *Simon*.

Sir *Sim.* A modest Virgin, a Virgin of very few Words, which will be a great Blessing in a Wife.

Thrif.

Thrif. But, Sir *Simon*.

Sir *Sim.* She's a Miracle of Goodness, prodigious! I did not think it had been in any Woman living.

Thrif. He's ravish'd, Sir *Simon*.

Sir *Sim.* How happy shall I be in that virtuous Creature.

Thrif. But, Sir *Simon*, do you hear?

Sir *Sim.* Oh! Mr. *Thrifty*, I beg ten thousand Pardons, the Greatness of my Joy blinded my Eye-sight.

Thrif. Well, is not she a rare Girl, did not I tell you so.

Sir *Sim.* You are blest with an obedient Daughter, and I shall be happy in an obedient virtuous Wife.

Thrif. Now, Sir *Simon*, we want but the finishing Stroke—a Parson, and a Wedding-dinner, to compleat your Happiness.

Sir *Sim.* In the mean time let us watch *Truelove* narrowly, he's a dangerous young Fellow, therefore, Father, that is to be, let us be careful.

[*Exit*.

SCENE, the Street.

Enter *Truelove*.

Where the Devil is this *Plotwell* now, he's always out of the Way when I stand most in need of his Help—here he comes, spread out below like a Peacock's Tail.

Enter *Plotwell*, like a Spanish Woman.

O *Plotwell*, come to the rescue of your dying Master, help me out of this intricate Labyrinth,
and

and you shall be counted the Machiavel of the Age.

Plot. I hope, Sir, I shall do my Part, I won't be outwitted if Plots can do it.

True. Without your help, she's lost for ever,
—Sir *Simon Scrape-all*.—

Plot. I know he's to be marry'd to your Mistress — I know all, Sir, — As I was going to *Tom Cabbage's*, the Taylor, who procur'd me this Disguise, passing by Mr. *Thrifty's* Door, *Isabella* spy'd me, and in this Paper acquainted me with all Secrets; she had before sufficiently acquainted me how to manage her Father, as to the Spanish Affair. — How do Petticoats become me, Sir!

True. O mighty well, but this Paper says, Sir *Simon*, is this Afternoon to go to his House in *Chelsea*, and to return in the Evening.

Plot. True, Sir, upon which (knowing *Tom Cabbage* to be wholly in your Interest) I have persuaded him, and one of his Journeymen, disguised in Masks, and long black Cloaks, to lie wait in the Fields, and frighten him as he returns; there will be only that Booby *Nincompoop* with him, who is as great a Coward as his Master.

True. But what Advantage can he be to us.

Plot. Why this, Sir, he being a superstitious, timorous old Fool, it may make him delay the Wedding; but I don't build my Hopes upon that, Sir, thanks be to the Fruits of this fertile Noddle; however, begone, Sir, lest we be discover'd, and meet me here within half an Hour.

True. This is the last Time I shall trouble you
—gain

—gain me but *Isabella*, and your Labour is at an
End. [Exit.

Plot. I hope this Letter will do the Business,
as far as a Face of Brags, and a Brain full of Cunning will carry me; I am safe—this is the Door,
[Knocks.

Thrif. [within] Who's there.

Plot. A Friend, an't please ye, Sir!

Enter *Thrifty*.

Ods my Life, some foreign Lady.

Plot. Is your Name Mr. *Thrifty*, Sir.

Thrif. Yes, Madam—Your Business pray.

Plot. Sir, this Letter informs you.

[Thrifty reads.

Mr. THRIFTY,

*I am this Day arriv'd in the River, on
Board the Tyger from Barcelona, with all
your Brother's Riches; I have sent Donna
Theodosia before to acquaint you with my
Arrival; I must stay aboard till I have sent
all the Goods ashore, two Chests of which
will come up this Evening by the Tide, the
Money and Jewels I'll bring myself.*

JAMES TRUSTY.

Very good News faith, Mistress, I suppose
you are the Woman, Mr. *Trusty* inform'd me off
in his first Letter, whom my Brother left to my
Care.

Plot. Yes, an't please you, Sir, I went over
about ten Years ago with your Brother, my Name
was *Doll the Buxom*, an't please you, but upon
our

our Arrival at *Barcelona*, he chang'd it to *Donna Theodosia*.

Thrif. And pray, Madam, *Donna Theodosia*—
I'll swear 'tis a very pretty Name; you can speak *Spanish* I warrant better than *English*.

Plot. Oh! the Devil, I'm catch'd, but I must face him down——O yes, Sir, it is as natural to me as my Mother Tongue, Sir.

Thrif. Let us have a smattering of this same *Spanish*, you shall teach my Daughter; Languages of all Sorts I love, though I can speak but one.

Plot. There's yet hopes then, he may be impos'd on, he shall have some *English Spanish*.—

I medis, Tourdro, humbledro, Servantdro.

Thrif. Antdro; I swear 'tis a very noble Language; and pray what may be the meaning of what you said.

Plot. I am your humble Servant.

Thrif. Ods my Life, it comes very near the *English*——*Servantdro*, that is as much as to say, Servant, I think I'll learn it myself.

Plot. Nothing more easy, Sir, I was not a Week at *Barcelona*, when I cou'd have spoke any Thing almost, that was common or necessary.

Thrif. I think your Face is mightily alter'd, since you went over with my Brother.

Plot. Alas! Sir, living so long in a hot Country, and then grieving for your Brother's Death, wou'd have alter'd an Angel, Sir, the best of Masters he was to me.

(Weeps.)

Thrif. Weep not, in losing him you have found another, you shall live with me, and teach me and my Daughter to talk *Andro*, then I shall talk with

with the *Spanish* Merchants on the 'Change, as well as the best of them——Ods, my Life, she's a pretty plump-round Wench, and a warm Bed-fellow, I warrant her; how my Lips itch to be at her, but I must not be too sudden—I'll call my Daughter *Isabella*, *Isabella*.

Enter *Isabella*.

Did you call me, Sir?

Thrif. Yes, this Gentlewoman was your Uncle's Servant, and since his Death left to my Care, be civil to her, she'll deserve it. [Exit.

Plot. Now, Madam, obey your Father, and be civil to me.

Isa. Well, I see, *Plotwell*, our Design takes rarely, I'll join with you in any Plot that will rid me of that hateful Monster——I leave all to you, find you the Means, I'll put it in Execution.

Plot. Let us in and contrive.

Isa. I am content.

[Exit.

Enter *Truelove*.

Here, *Plotwell* was to have met me, and inform me of his Success; I expect no favourable News, Fortune has play'd me so many jade Tricks, that I'll trust her no longer.

Enter *Plotwell*.

Oh! Sir, such News! Expect, Sir, to hear such News! Be prepar'd to listen with Attention, I can tell——

True. Death, what can you tell, what News? If it be good, keep me no longer in painful Suspence; if it be bad, I know too much already, therefore speak quickly.

Plot. Nay, Sir, you're angry, I am silent, 'tis but

but an ill Reward for one that has almost wasted himself into a Consumption for your Service.

True. Nay, good *Plotwell*, be not angry, I own I am passionate, it is a Failing, but at such a Time you can pardon it.

Plot. Sir, your Commands shall be always obey'd.—Then know, Sir, I am admitted into Mr. *Thrifty's* House, the whole Cheat is carry'd on with an Air of Truth; I have gain'd the old Man's Heart, and lull'd his mistrustful Temper asleep, with the Thoughts of the vast Riches that are coming home; yet the Dragon watches the golden Fruit closely; he is a mere *Cerberus*, and stands Porter at his own Gate; there's but one Way to gain Admittance.

True. Speak it, dear *Plotwell*, and if I do not attempt it may I be Gibbeted, or, what is worse, doom'd to live without my *Isabella*.

Plot. Thus then, Sir, you must immediately change your Habit, for this wicked and unseemly Garment; you must be cloathed with a sanctify'd Cloak, lin'd with Hypocrisy; a large Band stiffen'd with the Starch of Zeal, and a broad brimm'd Hat to cover your Eyes from beholding the Vanities of this World.

True. But to what End this fantastical Dress?

Plot. You must by this Disguise be admitted, for *Ananias Scribe*, the Scrivener, who is this Evening to come and draw the Writings.

True. Sure, Mr. *Thrifty* will discover the Cheat.

Plot. He is not intimately acquainted with him—A black Patch will help that—then hold down your Head; counterfeit the Tone of the Zea-

Zealous, and set your gay Looks into the formal and precise ones of an old Philosopher — once admitted, you must escape with the Lady by the Garden Door — the rest I leave to you.

True. Put her once into my Hands, and you've play'd your Part.

*If I lose her then, may I be ever curst,
Let her be mine, and Fortune do your worst.*
[Exit.]

SCENE, The Fields.

Enter *Cabbage* and *Snip*.

Cab. Snip, We shall have rare Sport with Sir *Simon*, the covetous old Hunks; tho' he be my Landlord, I'll play him a Trick.

Sir Sim. [within] Why *Nincompoop*, where are you, Sirrah?

Cab. Stand close, there he is, remember your Part.
[They retire.]

Enter *Nincompoop*.

Nin. Oh! my decay'd Paunch: Oh! my most unmerciful Master, what a great Foe he is to my poor Guts, he makes me keep *Lent* all the Year round—Oh! roast Beef, roast Beef, when shall my Nostrils be fed with thy fragrant Smell, and my Belly fill'd with thy delicious Fat and Lean? — I smell a Wedding Dinner, which revives my Heart, I'll lay about me then, and stuff as much Provision in this Carcase, as will serve me for a Twelve-month; many an *Asb-Wednesday*, and *Good-Friday* Night's Supper have I made, and I

H

am

am so lean, I scarce weigh Threescore on each Side, besides Head, Feet and Garbage.

Enter *Sir Simon*.

You Rascal, how dare you to leave me alone?

Nin. I hope you'll pardon me, I only went to make a little Water.

Sir Sim. Let us make haste, there may be Rogues in the Fields.

Nin. Oh! Master? Master? Did you see that great Flash of Lightning— O! 'tis a dreadful stormy Night.

Sir Sim. Why, sure you dream, it is as pleasant an Evening as ever I saw, and as calm.

Nin. Saw you—that—Oh! Bless us.

Sir Sim. That inded was a dreadful Flash, what can be the Meaning of Lightning so sweet an Evening.

Nin. Oh! I'm strangely afraid, I tremble every Joint of me.

Enter *Cabbage* and *Snip*, disguis'd unseen.

Cab. Give o'er old Man the Thought of *Isabella*; mark what I say, for 'tis the Devil speaks, obey, or I'll tear you Limb from Limb.

Sir Sim. Oh! Bless me, *Nincompoop*, what shall we do? Oh! defend us; heard you not those dreadful Words. Oh! the Devil, the Devil.

Nin. Oh! dear Master, if he comes, do you speak to him, you are a Schollard, speak civilly, dear Master.

Snip. Expect the first Night that you are in Bed to be torn to Pieces.

Cab. For she is my Mistress.

Snip.

Snip. And mine. [*Both appear.*]

Sir Sim. Oh! blefs me, what fhall I fay, I never fpoke to the Devil in all my Life—— O good, lovely, sweet, dear Devil, take her to you, and I wifh you Joy of her with all my Heart; I freely refign her, let me but go home—— Oh! dear Devils, fpare my Body, and take all the reft, and I'll never meddle with Womankind again.

Cab. Rife then and be gone.

Nin. O dear Sir, yield to their Articles, give them all the Women in the World, rather than be carry'd to Hell.

Cab. Remember your Promise.

Nin. O dear Mr. Devil, I'll be bound for him.

Cab. Or we'll pay you a fecond Vifit.

[*Exit Cabbage and Snip.*]

Sir Sim. I thank you very kindly Devils, I had rather your Worfhips wou'd ftay at home, I love none of your Vifits or Compliments, I can affure you. Vifit? Quotha, *Nincompoop* rife.

Nin. O dear Devil, I am not to be marry'd, take my Mafter, and fpare me.

Sir Sim. 'Tis thy Mafter calls.

Nin. Is it you, Sir? — Are they gone? — the Devil go with them—— Let us be jogging too, pray Sir.

Sir Sim. Well, it was a happy Thing I met thefe fame Devils; mercy on me, what a Danger have I efaped, had I married this Devil's Miftrefs, what a Family fhould I have had of young ones.

Nin.

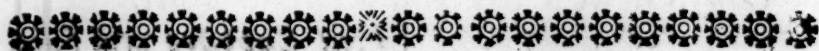
Nin. Really, Sir, you'd have a lovely Crew of them, running and skipping, and playing about you, like so many young Goats.

Sir Sim. My House wou'd have been Hell upon Earth; to be cuckolded by a Man is bad, and by the Devil worse and worse, every one of my Children wou'd have had a cloven Foot, and a Pair of Horns—*Nincompoop*, I'll strait to *Thrifty's*, and bid him keep his Daughter, or marry her to the Devil, if he likes him for a Son-in-Law.

*For to a Heart like mine the greatest Evil,
Is not by far so frightful as the Devil.*

[*Exit*]

End of the first ACT.



A C T II.

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter *Thrifty*, *Sir Simon*, and *Nincompoop*.

Thrifty. **T**RULY, *Sir Simon*, you tell me Wonders, if they are true, but I want the Faith to believe them.

Sir Sim. True, Mr. *Thrifty*, Do I see, do I hear, am I alive? Every Bush in the Fields had a thousand Fairies in't, we saw above twenty Devils.

Nin. Aye, Mr. *Thrifty*, but there were two great

great staring Devils, with Eyes as big as full Moons, and Horns like Stags Horns; then their Mouths vomited Fire and Smoke like a Furnace, or a Chimney on Fire.

Thrif. All Fancy, meer Fancy; perhaps you have heard a Bull bellow, or seen a Will with a Wisp.

Nin. Tell him what they said, Sir, Bulls can't speak.

Sir Sim. Adod, that's true, then they said, Mr. *Thrift*, those two great staring Devils, they said, they said—Adod I'm afraid to tell.

Thrif. Fear not, they dare not come here.

Sir Sim. I hope not, I do not desire they shou'd overhear me; they said—but since the Devil is the Father of Lies, we are not bound to believe him; but they said, *Isabella* was their Mistress, and if I marry'd her, they'd tear me Limb from Limb.

Thrif. It is all a Trick, meer Cheat and Contrivance, I smoke it, don't you smell the Matter, *Sir Simon*.

Sir Sim. Truly, I thought they smelt plague-ly of Fire and Brimstone.

Thrif. I tell you, *Sir Simon*, you are impos'd upon, I plainly see it; what do you think might be this same Devil's Name?

Sir Sim. Bless me, Mr. *Thrift*, marry and Amen,—do you think I ask'd his Name? — *Belzebub*, or *Lucifer*, or some such hellish Name.

Thrif. What think you of *Truelove*, he has been the Devil that frighted you from your Mistress, to get her to himself.

Sir

Sir Sim. Adod, that has a Colour, adod it has, he's a bold cunning Rogue.

Thrif. What? Resign your Mistress to a Man, because he says he's the Devil.

Sir Sim. Now I think on't, it must be him, and it shall be him, and adod were it the Devil himself, he should not have her, I'll tell him so to his Teeth, were he here.

[*Knocking without.*]

Nim. Oh! Sir, it is him,

Thrif. Who, Sir?

Nim. The Devil, Sir.

Sir Sim. Oh! oh! I'm undone, O dear Mr. *Thrifty*, do you speak to him, I have not the Heart——But I'll part with her, he shall have her.

Enter *Truelove*, disguis'd like *Ananias*.

I say unto you, Peace be here.

Thrif. Is not a Man of your Years aſham'd to be impos'd on.

Sir Sim. Is there nothing—then my Courage returns again.

Thrif. None but my Friend *Ananias Scribe* come to draw the Writings.

Sir Sim. Oh! Good Mr. *Ananias*, I beg your Pardon, but I took you for the Devil, I shall hate the Sight of Black as long as I live.

True. Sir *Simon*, I say unto you, I defy the Devil, and all his Works, think not I say, that I am as one of the wicked——Friend *Thrifty*, if that thy Business requireth the help of *Ananias Scribe*, let us be speedy.

Thrif. Come, let us go in, and do you hear, Sirrah,

Sirrah, let not a living Soul in without my Knowledge. [Exit.

SCENE, the Street.

Enter *Ananias*, and knocks, *Nincompoop* above.

Who makes such a Noise there, rap, rap, rap, as if they'd drive the Door down, who are you, I say, speak.

Anan. Friend be not so furious, and I will acquaint thee with my Business, in Peace—tell thy Master *Ananias Scribe* is at the Door.

Nin. Are you sure of that.

Anan. Sure, Friend, I dare not swear, but verily I am the Person known to the World by that Name.

Nin. Then you are sure.

Anan. I am sure.

Nin. Then I'm sure you Lye.

Anan. Lye, thou abominable Varlet, thy Lye I return unto thee, and verily the Father of Lies inhabiteth in thee.

Nin. Sir, Sir, come here, Sir.

[*Thrifty* appears above.

Thrif. Who makes this Noise here.

Nin. A Fellow, an't please you, Sir, that says he's *Ananias Scribe*.

Thrif. Oh! Does he so, I'll *Ananias* him, I'll teach him to take other People's Name——Some trick of *Truelove*——*Nincompoop* run down, catch the Rogue, and toss him in a Blanket.—Sir, I'll be with you immediately.

[Exit. from above.

Enter

Enter *Nincompoop* and Servants, with a Blanket.

Anan. Friend, I say, where is thy Master.

Nin. He'll wait on you Anon, in the mean Time he sends you this for a Present.

[*They seize him.*]

Anan. Know ye who I am, that ye use this Violence.

Nin. We guess at your Design; in with him, in with him.

Anan. Murder! Murder!

Enter *Thrifty*, with a Candle.

Where is the Rascal that says he is *Ananias Scribe*.

Anan. In the Blanket, Mr. *Thrifty*, order your Servants to let me down, I'll tell you all.

Thrif. Let the Rogue down—he will confess—who set you on.

Anan. Verily there came unto me a Servant of thine, and said unto me, that thou required'st my Presence to draw some Writings.

Thrif. What? My Friend *Ananias*?

Anan. I must not swear, but before this Night I did never doubt of my own Name.

Thrif. It is certainly him, and I am cheated, trick'd, outwitted—Run *Nincompoop*, make all the Servants take Arms, stop all Doors, Windows and Holes, that we may catch the Rogue that has abus'd us—the true *Ananias* is here, and the Pretender within.—Friend *Scribe*, I have not Time to beg your Pardon, let us in and punish the Impostor.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter *Truelove*, and *Plotwell* meeting.

Plot. Oh! Sir, All's ruin'd, we are quite undone.

True. How! I hope I am not discover'd.

Plot. The Cheat is found out, I wish the Devil had *Ananias*—What a rare Plot has he ruin'd; Sir, you must stay now and brazen it out, I have a Plot in Store yet, therefore I'll away and put it in Execution.

Enter *Sir Simon*, *Mr. Thrifty*, *Nincompoop*, and Servants.

Thrif. Now, Lads, shew your Courage, we have catch'd the Rogue in a Net, he is here.

Sir Sim. Oh! Is he so? we'll get him a Wife.

Anan. Verily the Spirit of Impurity dwelleth in him; how can'st thou to defile that sanctified Garment with thy abominable Carcase?

True. Peace, thou canting Coxcomb, you take so much Pains in adorning your Body with a holy Garment, that you neglect your Soul.

Thrif. What brought you here, Sir?

True. My Feet, Sir.

Thrif. But to what End, Sir?

True. To run away with your Daughter, Sir.

Sir Sim. Oh! abominable Impudence of the young Fellows of this Age.

Thrif. *Sir Simon*, what shall we do with him?—we'll equip him for the Opera.—*Nincompoop*, fetch the Kitchen-knife, we'll spoil his Sport; here, Lads, take him alive.

True. Blockheads, stand off, the first Man that
I lays

lays his Hands on me, I'll shoot him dead; who-
ever is weary of his Life, let him approach.

[Presents a Pistol, and Exit.

Thrif. What, is he gone, ye Rogues, ye Ras-
cals, ye Cowards, why did ye not seize him? —
afraid of a Pistol, ye Dogs. (*Beats them off.*)
Come, Sir *Simon*, let us get the Writings drawn,
and we shall soon put it out of this Fellow's
Power to play any more Tricks.

S C E N E, *The Street.*

Enter *Truelove*.

Fortune has shew'd her Spite to the utmost, I
may go hang myself now, for 'tis impossible to
retrieve lost *Isabella*.

Enter *Plotwell*.

Well, Sir, what's to be done, can you think of
no Plot now?

True. I think my Brain is so confus'd, I have
not a settled Thought.

Plot. Despair not yet, Sir, I'll bring all about
again; but I am really brought to my last Plot,
all my Wits are at Stake, if I fail in this, I am
broke for ever, all must be ventur'd on this Bot-
tom, which must come safe to Shore, or I shall
be a Bankrupt.

True. Let me know it, dear *Plotwell*——
speak Comfort to my Soul.

Plot. So immediately to my Lady *Zealous*,
get her Chaplain, Mr. *Short-grace*, to go to *Tom*
Cabbage, the Taylor's, he knows all the rest, I
have already told him how to manage Matters
you;

you and Mr. *Short-grace* must endure a short Penance, that's all, be quick and resolute, away, Sir.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

S C E N E, *A Dining-Room.*

Enter Sir *Simon*, *Thrifty*, *Plotwell*, and *Nincompoop*.

Thrif. Odsbobs, Sir *Simon*, I think *Theodosia* has advis'd well, for 'tis but getting a Parson, and all Things are done privately.

Sir *Sim.* Truly she is no Fool, all her Words are utter'd with Wisdom, and she gives a substantial Reason for what she says.

Plot. Sir, it must be the safest Course, for if they were to be marry'd publickly, *Truelove* wou'd hire some desperate Ruffians, like himself, who wou'd murder all that should oppose them, and carry off the Bride.

Thrif. Get my Daughter ready; *Theodosia*, It shall be done this Night.

Plot. I have inform'd her of your Resolution, Sir, she is very well pleas'd, and is ready for you, Sir *Simon*.

Sir *Sim.* And adod I am as ready for her.

Thrif. Ods my Life, Sir *Simon*, you look so airy; how brisk, how gay, how youthful he looks! *Theodosia*, is he not wond'rous youthful for a Man of his Age——hold up your Head my Boy, and you'll look like an Angel.

Sir *Sim.* I hope they won't discover that I am painted, the Thought of Marriage has, I think, reviv'd me, I'm grown young again.

Nin. A

Nin. A Sailor, Sir, desires Admittance.

Plot. On my Life some News from Mr. *Trusty*.

Thrif. Admit him.

Enter *Cabbage*, dress'd like a Sailor.

Cab. Is your Name *Thrifty*, Sir?

Thrif. Yes Friend, I have no other that I know of.

Cab. Two Chests of Goods are without, I brought them from on board the *Tyger* at *Deptford*, sent by Mr. *Trusty*.

Thrif. 'Tis very well, let them be brought in and set down here.

Enter Men with two Chests, in which are *True-love* and *Short-grace*.

Cab. Mr. *Trusty* says, To-morrow he'll be here, and bring the Keys with him.

Thrif. Sir *Simon*, I leave you to take care of my Daughter, in my Absence, I'll but go for the Parson and the Licence, and then Sir *Simon*.

Sir *Sim.* And then Mr. *Thrifty*, I shall be a happy Man. [Exit.

Truelove and *Short-grace* peeping out.

True. *Plotwell*, is the Coast clear?

Short. O dear Mr. *Plotwell*, as you love my Life, free me from my Prison, I am wasted to nothing.

Plot. Gentlemen, you are at Liberty.

Short. I am glad on't with all my Heart, I had rather say Grace to ten Tables, without eating a Bit myself, than endure so much again.

True. How shall we secure Sir *Simon* and *Nin-compoop*?

Plot.

Plot. Let me alone to manage them.—*Good Mr. Chaplain*, I beg your Assistance in this Case, we have Occasion for your Hands as well as your Tongue.

Short. No Violence, I hope, that is against my Conscience.

Plot. Only catch the Booby's Hands, and hold them fast till I tie them, stand aside——here *Nincompoop.*

Enter *Nincompoop.*

Did you call, forsooth.

Plot. Yes, come here.

[*Short-grace catches his Hands.*

Nin. Oh! Murder! Murder!

Plot. Not a Word, but gape wide, or I'll spoil your squeaking; gape, I say, or——

[*They gag him, and tie his Hands.*

True. But here comes the Knight.

Enter *Sir Simon.*

Plot. Then he has sav'd us the Labour of going for him.

Sir Sim. What Noise is this——Oh! Bless me Heaven, *Truelove* here; Murder, Thieves, Rogues, Fire.

True. Hearken, *Sir Simon*, be silent, or I'll make you so for ever.

Nin. Awe, Awe, Awe.

Sir Sim. They have cut my Man's Tongue out, and will murder me.—Good Gentlemen, spare my Life, and take all I have.

True. *Sir Simon*, we have no spite to your Person,

son, we shall only take Care your Man shall not loose you.

[They tie his Hands behind his Back, to the Rope that ties Nicompoop.]

Plot. So Back to Back, turn them out to seek their Fortunes—But stay lest they shou'd break their Noses against a Post, I'll give them a Light.

[Hangs the Candle and Lanthorn on Nincompoop's Neck.]

Sir Sim. Some Pity, good Gentlemen.

Plot. Shall your Bride go with you, *Sir Simon.*

Sir Sim. Oh! you damn'd Jade, if ever I get free, I'll, I'll——

[Exit,

Plot. So all's safe now.

Enter Isabella.]

Isa. What Uproar is this?

Plot. All upon your Account, good Madam—get you to your Chamber; let Mr. *Short-grace* give you his Blessing, and then Master do your Part, let all be finish'd, before the old Man comes home,—go, get you home.

[Exit.

Enter Thrifty.

Now, that I have got the Licence, the Parson of the Parish is not to be found, I'll not go home without one; I'll run to my Lady *Zealous*, and borrow her Chaplain, Mr. *Short-grace*, he can do it for a Guinea as well as the best of them.

Enter Nincompoop, and Sir Simon.

What have we here; eh, What do I see, *Nincompoop,*

compoop, here, you Rascal, Sirrah, how came you to leave the Door, contrary to my Orders, unguarded?

Nin. Yaw, yaw, yaw.

Thrif. I'll yaw you with a Vengeance.

[Offers to beat him, and sees Sir Simon.]

Sir Sim. Oh! Mr. *Thrifty*, relieve me, I faint, I die, I shall not have Time to say my Prayers, I'm at my last Gasp.

Thrif. Sir *Simon* here too; then there has been foul Play.

Sir Sim. Before you ask one Question, pray unbind me.

Nin. Yaw, yaw.

Thrif. What the Devil has this Fellow got in his Mouth.

[takes out his Gag.]

Nin. The hardest Bone I ever chewed in my Life, Sir, and the wholesomest, it has made a Quart of Water run from my Gums.

Thrif. Now, Sir *Simon*, you are free, how came this about, where is my Daughter, who ty'd you thus, what made you leave the House?

Sir Sim. Mr. *Thrifty*, without putting yourself to the unnecessary Expence of superfluous Words, knock at that Door, and they'll satisfy all your Questions at once.

[Knocks.]

Truelove, appears above.

True. Who dare knock at this Door with such Authority?

Thrif.

Thrif. Look down, you Rascal, and let your Eyes satisfy that impertinent Question.

True. Mr. *Thrifty*, You are welcome, but you must have my Wife's Leave for your Admittance.

Thrif. Who's your Wife, pray, Sir.

True. Your Daughter, Sir.

Thrif. Am I then outwitted, at last, O you old Fool, and you overgrown Oaf, that cou'd not keep the Door shut—I could fift you both, I'm angrier at this old Sot than at *Truelove*.

True. Rail not at them, Mr. *Thrifty*, they're not to blame, I assure you.

Thrif. Bubbled, cheated, jilted, I shall be laughed at by the whole World—You old Afs, you deserve a Wife, and could not watch her for an Hour.

Sir *Sim.* Good Words, Mr. *Thrifty*; I wish I had never seen you nor your Daughter; if ever I go a Courting again, may I break my Neck, as I step over the Threshold; and *Truelove* I wish you Joy.

Thrif. I'm glad you've mist my Daughter, you wou'd have prov'd a kind Husband, since you can bear the Loss so easy; ods my Life, I cou'd almost be reconcil'd to *Truelove*, to spite you, you old Fox.

Sir *Sim.* Spite me, Mr. *Thrifty*, I scorn your Words, this Adventure has both open'd my Eyes and my Heart, for the Kindness that *Truelove* has done me, in curing me of this unnatural Folly which has expos'd me so much, and might have done more, (had I been marry'd) that To-mor-
row

row Morning I'll freely give him three thousand Pounds, and thank him into the Bargain.

Thrif. Say you so, that's right. [*Aside.*]

And are you really married, Mr. *Truelove*.

True. Wedded and bedded, Sir.

Thrif. Then it is needless to stand out, I must be Friends,——Sir *Simon*, once more I embrace, not as a Father, but as a Brother, a Friend——*Truelove*, open the Door, stand not to capitulate, you have *Isabella*, and my Pardon without asking it.

[*Door opens, they enter.*]

True. Sir, on our Knees we ask Forgiveness——If I have committed any Crime contrary to Law or Justice, impute it, Sir, to my excessive Love for your Daughter, and strive to forget it.

Isa. Sir, I join in my Husband's Request——'Tis true I have disobeyed your Will, but I did it, to avoid the Misery I knew wou'd be the Consequence of matching with one I cou'd not love.

Thrif. Well, bless you both——Mr. *Short-grace*, I thought to have troubled you for a Cast of your Office, but I see you have been too quick for me.

True. Sir *Simon*, now must I pay my Duty to you, for you have prov'd a Father, in being the Cause of a Reconciliation with Mr. *Thrift*.

Sir *Sim.* I'm glad it lay in my Power, you have been at some Pains to win her, and adod no Body else shou'd wear her.

Plot. Sir, I hope, I shall not be excluded the general Indemnity.

K

Thrif.

Thrif. Oh! Madam *Theodosia*, were you in the Plot too?

Plot. No more, *Theodosia*, but *Nick Plotwell* at your Service.

Thrif. How! *Plotwell*, then I am doubly cheated, and I find my Brother's Death is all a Sham.

Plot. Only my Part, Sir,—your Riches may be a coming — I only brought them here a little before their Time, and those are the rich Goods that fill'd your two Chests, [*pointing to Truelove and Short-grace*] one was very well loaded, I assure you —

Thrifty. Since all was contrived for the carrying on the Match, I pardon all Faults in one, and, Sir, were you now unmarried, and not worth a Groat, you shou'd have her; you have toil'd for her, and deserve her.

True. Sir, next to *Isabella's* Love, which above the World I prize, it shall be my Study to deserve your's, her Fortune put in the Balance with that, is but light, and of small Value.

*Parents should think before their Children wed,
And not by Interest be too blindly led,
They that are wise, in that, the most do err,
For all should Happiness to Wealth prefer.
Let those then chuse, (who would their Cares prevent)
Not the most Money—but the most Content.*

F I N I S.

POEMS

POEMS, SONGS, PROLOGUES, EPI-
LOGUES, EPITAPHS, EPIGRAMS,
&c. &c. on various Subjects.

ADVICE to an aspiring young LADY:

An Occasional Friendly POEM.

THE Counsels of a Friend, *Belinda*, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a Lady's Ear,
Unlike the Flatt'ries of a Lover's Pen,
Such Truths as Women seldom hear from Men.
Nor think, I praise you ill, when thus I shew
What female Vanity might fear to know;
Some Merit's mine, to dare to be sincere,
But greater your's, Sincerity to bear.
Hard is the Fortune that your Sex attends,
Women, like Princes, find few real Friends;
Most who approach them their own Ends pursue,
Lovers and Ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted Guide the most betrays.
Hence by fond Dreams of fancy'd Power amus'd,
When most you tyrannize, you're most abus'd.

What

What is your Sex's earliest, latest Care,
 Your Heart's desir'd Ambition? *To be fair* ;
 For this the Toylet every Thought employs,
 Hence all the Toils of Dress, and all the Joys :
 For this, Hands, Lips, and Eyes are put to School,
 And each instructed Feature has its Rule ;
 And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
 Not to disgrace the partial Boon of Heaven.
 How few with all their Pride of Form can move !
 How few are lovely ! Nature fram'd for Love !
 Do you, my Fair, endeavour to possess
 An Elegance of Mind, as well as Dress ;
 Be that your Ornament, and know to please
 By graceful Nature's unaffected Ease ;
 Be still superior to your Sex's Arts,
 Nor think Dishonesty a Proof of Parts ;
 For you the plainest, is the wisest, Rule,
 A cunning Woman is a knavish Fool.
 Be good yourself, nor think another's Shame
 Can raise your Merit, or adorn your Fame.
 Virtue is amiable, mild, serene
 Without, all Beauty and all Peace within.
 Seek to be Good, but aim not to be Great,
 A Woman's noblest Station is Retreat ;
 Be never cool reserve, with Passion join'd,
 Love not at all, or else be fondly kind ;
 In this, Extremes alone, can truly bless,
 The Virtue of a Lover is Excess.

Contemn the little Pride of giving Pain,
 Nor think that Conquest justifies Disdain,
 Short is the Period of insulting Power,
 Offended *Cupid* finds his 'vengeful Hour,
 Soon will resume the Empire which he gave,
 And soon the Tyrant shall become the Slave.
 Blest is the Maid, and worthy to be blest,
 Whose Soul intire, by him she loves possest,
 Feels every Vanity in Fondness lost,
 And asks no Power, but that of pleasing most.
 Her's is the Bliss, in sweet Return to prove
 The honest Warmth of undissembled Love.

*These Rules pursu'd by you, my Fair, will gain
 Content, I hope, and a sure Rest from Pain.*

The LUCKY THOUGHT:

- O R,

The Child lay'd to the wrong Father.

*A*Varro liv'd a private Life,
 And starv'd in Bondage with his Wife.
 Did she too starve? To him at least
 So Matters seem'd: But she knew best,
 For she was plump, Historians say,
 And look'd as Blithsome as the Day.

But

But that, *Avarro*, understood
 Was from her Nature, not her Food.
 One Son they had, but never more,
 Children, thought he, make People poor,
 And Virtue dwells in Self-denial,
 So I'll abstain from farther Trial ;
 Whether the Lady thought the same,
 Or not, is nothing to my Theme,
 The Marriage-Articles, which said,
 Madam wou'd always have her Maid,
 Were kept from *Susan*, down to *Nan*,
 Till *Dick* began to grow a Man.
Dick, was the Son we just now mentioned,
 Who, grown a Man, inform'd the Wench on't,
 The Wench grew kind, as *Dick* grew bolder,
 And was convinc'd of what he told her.
 A lucky Girl may grant a Favour,
 Yet keep her Character for ever ;
 But Luck was little of *Nan*'s Side,
 Her Failing grew too big to hide.
 She wept, she sob'd, she ran quite wild,
 What shall we do about the --- Child,
 Poor Youth, thy Ruin it will be,
 And I ----- What must become of me ?
 Caught in this sad Dilemma, *Dick*
 (Whose Faculties were sharp and quick)
 Concluded thus, to save their Bacon,
 In Father's Net it must be taken-----

Nan,

Nan, you can swear a Lie for once,
 You know the 'Squire is but a Dunce
 At worst, his Worship may be wrought on.
 Leave that to me, quoth *Nan*, well thought on,
Dick, whispers it about the Parish,
 God knows the Cause, but *Nan* looks quearish.
 I wish, my Father, don't grow young,
 This was enough, the Story rung,
 A Country Servant big with Bairn,
 Is thought a popular Concern.
 So *Nan* was quickly apprehended,
 Son, Father, Mother, all attended,
 Before the Justice now we find her,
Dick, prompting all the while behind her.
 His Worship influenced before,
 Well, Hussy! who made you a Whore?
 My Master, cries the Quean; and took
 The usual Oath upon the Book.
 What swore the Slut! *Avarro* cries,
 And lifted up his Hands and Eyes,
 My Wife can prove my own Unfitness.
 Villain! quoth she, call me to Witness?
 Yes, Letcher, I can witness this,
 I've now and then a flabb'ring Kiss;
 That's all, these twenty Years and more,
 The rest it seems was for your Whore.
 Condemn'd on Evidence so plain,
Avarro urg'd his Age in vain,

Nan,

A Child

A Child not his, a jealous Wife,
 Were now the Comforts of his Life,
 The Father suffer'd for the Son,
 In this, quoth *Dick*, no Harm was done:
 But Sense of Wrong, (with leave of *Dick*)
 Wou'd touch the calmest to the Quick.
 Conscious, yet cou'd no Proof produce,
 There lies the Strength of an Abuse.
 True, there's no Injury unknown,
 The Child, you think so, is your own.
 But 'tis the Devil and all to buy,
 Yet have no Finger in the Pye.
 Observe the Difference among Brothers,
 (I mean *Avarro*) and---some others,
 These have the Shame without the Vice;
 Those pay for all, but get a Slice.
 The former Cafe, though hard indeed,
 With crafty *Richards* may succeed;
 But sure the latter often falls
 Within a Mile or two of *Pauls*,
 Where Courtiers keep good-natur'd Proxies,
 Who live contented with their *Doxies*.

On two young Ladies ironing their Linen.

WERE but your Hearts, as are your Heaters warm,
 Your Kindness, then, wou'd like your Beauty charm.

But

But you are Ice, your Lovers all on Fire,
 You, strong Aversion, they, all o'er Desire :
 Make that a Compound; and you'll well agree,
 The Ice will melt, the Fire less furious be.

*A humourous Epistle from Miss Polly
 Wou'd-be; to Miss Betty Forward.*

MADAM, I beg your Pardon for the Liberty I have
 taken,

In presuming to speak in an Affair which I have no Bu-
 siness to speak in ;

But you have a Mind to be marry'd, it seems, and I have
 a Mind to hinder you,

At least, till you have consider'd what a Slave Marriage
 will render you ;

Not but that Mr. *John* and you might make an excellent
 Bout on't,

For Mr. *John* is a Gentleman of Parts, Madam, I make
 no doubt on't :

But can you constantly supply both his Pleasure and his
 Expences ;

Unless you can, I'm afraid, notwithstanding his fine Pre-
 tences.

Ah! Madam, if he lov'd you, wou'd he haunt Taverns
 and Publick Houses.

Those who are cruel to their Sweet-hearts, are seldom o-
 ver-kind to their Spouses.

L

Where

Where he has the Money, God knows, but his ill Husbandry is endless,

And before he knew you, Madam, I am sure he was oblig'd to spend less.

You have a Fortune, I confess, but you have not a Mint of Money ;

Or if you had, at the rate he goes on, he wou'd quickly out-run ye.

Can't you enjoy the Pleasures of the World, without being plagued with a Husband ?

If I was you, I'd see Mr. *John* hang'd, before I'd agree to be thus bound ;

There are generous hearted Men enough, who have very good Qualifications.

Follow the Law of Nature,-----What have you to do with the Law of Nations.

In short, Mrs. *Betty*, if you marry, I shall be sorry for your Folly ;

But if you take my Advice, I shall rejoice at your Happiness.

Yours,

POLLY-----

Broken Courtship : Or, the Couple pleas'd.

THE Fair with seeming-pleasure gave Consent,
Which was receiv'd with equal true Content.

We

We kiss'd, we toy'd, and did each other view,
 And play'd the Fool---as all young Lovers do.
 In a few Days, to prove as since I find)
 Her fickle Temper, like most Women kind,
 She, for kind Usage, Coquets Airs put on,
 And pleas'd with them, did good Behaviour shun.
 And when of various Truths I have discours'd,
 I from ill Usage have good Humour forc'd.
 At length being tir'd with the fatiguing Pain,
 Of prattling Justice to a thing so vain,
 I prudently withdrew, to seek a Fair,
 Who, with Attention, might strict Justice hear,
 And leave the thoughtless, giddy, silly Elf,
 To play the Fool with Babies, like herself.
 Both are at once from dull Indifference eas'd,
 And by our parting, both I'm sure are pleas'd :
 Yet my last Thoughts of this so fam'd a Fibber,
 Is, that her Parents instantly shou'd Bib-her.

*A PROLOGUE, spoke at the Opening
 of the New Theatre in Hull.*

WHEN welcome Showers refresh the thirsty Plains,
 And Nature kindly aids the Farmers Gains,
 The grateful Peasants with Oblations crowd,
 To thank their Parent for the Gift bestow'd.
 Thus I, for Favours I've receiv'd from you,----
 Offer the Thanks to so much Kindness due :

For

For you we build, for you this Structure raise,
 Our Part's to labour, and 'tis your's to praise;
 'Tis that we aim at, and for that we sweat,
 Which by endeavouring for, we hope to get.
 If a skill'd Swain, thou'd, with incessant Care,
 Strive some choice Blossom by his Art to rear,
 Unless assisted by the enliv'ning Sun,
 His Plant must perish, and his Work's undone.
 'Tis thus with me, I like the Florist toil,
 Have gather'd Sprigs from each theatrick Soil,
 United every Branch, contriv'd the Tree,
 And form'd and furnish'd what to Night you'll see.
 Let but the Fair my weak Endeavours bless,
 And, by their Sunshine, beam on me Success,
 I'll Bud secure, if they'll assist my Cause,
 In Favour grow, and ripen in Applause.
 This let us hope for, all our Fears annul,
 And shew to Night we're welcome into *Hull*.

An EPILOGUE on the CHARMS of
 MONEY.

Inserted at the Desire of several of the Subscribers.

(Spoke with a Purse.)

T *HIS* is a Charm that does command Mankind,
 A greater Friend than *this*, you ne'er shall find.

On

On most Occasions *this* will surely ease ye;
 For if you've *Money*, all Men strive to please ye,
 What will not powerful *Money* do or undo?

Money will make a *Christian* turn a *Jew*.

A staunch *Fanatick*, for *Money*, will turn *Roman*;

And oft, too oft, makes Man turn to----Woman:

For 'tis the *Money* makes so many Men miscarry;

Pray pardon the Mistake----I mean to marry.

Money is the old Paint for ugly Faces;

If *Celia's* rich, she has a Thousand Graces.

Though in her Face there is not one good Feature,

The Fops will cry, ----

Demme, Madam, You are an angelick Creature!

Money will tempt an amorous Maid to Sport;

Money obtains a Friend in every Court.

The Rolls, Exchequer, King's-Bench, Common-Pleas,

Nothing with the Lawyers can prevail like *these*.

Oh! Miracles have been done by *Golden Fees*.

For *Money* Mankind will toil and sweat;

The Father will the Son, the Son the Father cheat:

And though in Party Arguments they rend and tear,

Both *Whig* and *Tory* in one Mind are *here*.

A mercenary Whore, whom you have kept from starving,

When all your *Money's* gone, won't reimburse one Farthing;

But, on the contrary, will strive to shun ye,

When, like a Fool, she's stript you of your *Money*.

But lest I'm tedious, and you shou'd think me rude,

With an old Tale briefly I'll conclude,

If

If wisely in our Hands the *Cash* we keep,
Be sure, that after us the *World* will creep.

AN EPILOGUE of THANKS,
*Address'd to the LADIES, by Mr. Ward,
and spoke on his Benefit Night at Taylors
Hall, in Edinburgh, February 1st, 1745.*

WHEN grateful Souls do Benefits receive,
They're still impatient till their Thanks they give.
To you then, *Ladies*, my Respects are due,
Since I my *Benefit* derive from you ;
You are the Magneticks that attract the Men ;
You are the Nymphs that swell the Poet's Pen.
For *You* the Poet writes, the Player plays,
And happy he who gains the *fair Ones* Praise.
Your Condescension, *Ladies*, is so great,
To come to this (at best) so small a Treat :
All Men of Sense, I'm sure, will me excuse,
If I to Compliment my Sex refuse,
Where such a Number of *fair Ladies* shine,
Brighten the Place, and make it seem *divine* :
Yet think not I so much the Men reject,
As for their *Favours* to return Neglect ;
To them, *as bound*, I will my Thanks impart,
In suppliant Manner, with a *grateful* Heart.

May *Cupid* still inspire the courted Fair,
 To melt with Pity e'er their Hopes despair :
 And may you, *lovely fair Ones*, never find
 A faithless *Lover*, or a *Sponse* unkind.
 May all your Vows and Wishes still succeed,
 Nor *Heaven* forsake you at your Time of *Need*.

A Receipt to make Love.

TWO or three Dears, and two or three Sweets,
 Two or three Balls, and two or three Treats,
 Two or three Serenades given as a Lure,
 Two or three Oaths how much they endure,
 Two or three Messages sent in one Day,
 Two or three Times led out from a Play,
 Two or three soft Speeches made by the Way,
 Two or three Tickets, for two or three Times,
 Two or three Love Letters wrote all in Rhymes,
 Two or three Months keeping strict to these Rules,
 Can never fail making a Couple of Fools.

The Peevish Quadriller.

WHEN at Quadrille fair *Celia* plays,
 Her every Look her Hand betrays.
 If an unasking Game she holds,
 She knits her Brows, and inward scolds.

If *Mattadores* and Kings are there,
 How much she's pleas'd her Smiles declare.
 Three *Kings* ! And yet uncall'd, Oh Heaven !
 The Stars can hardly be forgiven ;
 But Oh ! her Pain can't be express'd,
 If her *Sans-prendre* Hand, you *Beast*,
 Sighs rend her Breast, her Eye-Balls roll,
 We laugh to see her lose a *Voal*.

Love, and a Mutton Chop.

DEAR *Sally*, Emblem of thy Chop-house Ware,
 As Broth reviving, and as white Bread fair,
 As small Beer grateful, and as Pepper strong ;
 As Beef Steak tender, as fresh Pot Herbs young ;
 As sharp as Knife, as piercing as a Fork ;
 Soft as new Butter, white as fairest Pork ;
 Sweet as young Mutton, brisk as bottl'd Beer ;
 Smooth as is Oil, juicy as Cucumber ;
 And bright as Cruet void of Vinegar.
 O *Sally*, cou'd I turn and shift my Love,
 With the same Skill, that you your Steaks can move,
 My Heart thus cook'd might prove a Chop-house Feast,
 And you alone shou'd be the welcome Guest.
 But, dearest *Sall*, the Flames that you impart,
 Like Chop, and Gridirons, broil my tender Heart ;
 Which, if thy kindly helping Hand ben't nigh,
 Must, like an unturn'd Chop, burn, hiss and fry ;

And

And must at last, thou Scorcher of my Soul,
Shrink, and become an undistinguish'd Coal.

On being expell'd a Lady's Company.

THUS *Adam* look'd, when from the Garden driven,
And thus disputed Orders sent from Heaven;
Like him I go, though to depart I'm loth;
Like him I go, for Angels drive us both.
Hard was his Fate, but mine still more unkind,
His *Eve* went with him, but mine stay'd behind.

The MOCK LOVER.

AS wanton *Strephon*, on a Day
Made Love to *Celia*, but in Play,
Talk'd, kiss'd and sigh'd, but never thought
That Love by Mocking cou'd be caught.
Cupid, that little dangerous Boy,
Was present at his sportive Joy,
And by his Mother *Venus* swore,
That Love a Jest shou'd be no more.
The angry God straight flung his Dart,
And soon transfix'd the *Shepherd's* Heart:
Full of Revenge his Bow he drew,
Which made Words spoke in Jest prove true:
For *Strephon* now, the unhappy Swain,
Feels Pain, for counterfeiting Pain.

M

Miss

Miss GIGGLE's Wish.

AS the young Nymph one Morning took her Walk
 With Miss *Coquet*, to laugh and idly talk;
 She on the sudden chanc'd to turn her Eye,
 And a known Female big with Young did spy.
 Pleas'd with the Sight, the wou'd-be wanton, smil'd
 And blush'd, and leer'd, and wish'd *herself* with-Child.
 If her Desire to some Men were reveal'd,
 And the Affair from jealous Eyes conceal'd,
 The forward Chit, with crying fye, or pish,
 In a few Months (perhaps) might have her *Wish*.

The Plowman's Dittay to a Country Curate.

WHEN *Molly* smiles beneath her Cow,
 I feel my Heart I can't tell how,
 When *Molly* is on *Sunday* drest,
 On *Sundays* I can take no Rest.
 What can I do ? on working Days
 I leave my Work on her to gaze.
 What shall I say ? at Sermons I
 Forget the Text, when *Molly's* by.
 Good Master Curate teach me how
 To mind your Preaching and my Plough,
 And if for this you'll raise a Spell,
 A good fat Goose shall thank you well.

A short

A short Description of LONDON.

HOUSES, Churches, mix'd together,
 Streets unpleasant in all Weather,
 Prisons, Palaces, contiguous
 Gates, a Bridge, the *Thames* irriguous,
 Gaudy Things, enough to tempt ye,
 Showy Outfides, Infides Empty,
 Bubbles, Trades, Mechanicks, Arts,
 Coaches, Wheelbarrows, and Carts,
 Warrants, Bailiffs, Bills unpaid,
 Lords of Laundresses afraid ;
 Rogues that nightly rob and shoot Men,
 Hangmen, Aldermen, and Footmen,
 Lawyers, Poets, Priests, Physicians,
 Noble, Simple ; all Conditions
 Worth beneath a Thread-bare Cover,
 Villany----- bedaub'd all over ;
 Women, black, red, fair, and gray,
 Prudes, and such as never pray ;
 Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
 Some that won't, some that will ;
 Many a Beau without a Shilling,
 Many a Widow not --- unwilling ;
 Many a Bargain, if you strike it.
 This is *London*, How d'ye like it ?

An

An Epitaph on Miss -----

HERE lies a Lass,
 Who did surpass,
 In Beauty, all the Nation ;
 Whose charming Face,
 And Air and Grace,
 Gave all Hearts Palpitation.

Nor was her Mind
 To Virtue blind,
 But to all good Works given,
 In Hopes to meet
 A kind Retreat
 Among the Saints in Heaven.

And now she's blest
 With Peace and Rest,
 Which nothing e'er can cloy it ;
 And if there is
 An after Bliss,
 She'll certainly enjoy it.

Then learn ye Fair,
 In time like her,
 To purchase future Pleasure :
 Left sudden Death
 Should stop your Breath,
 And rob you of that Treasure.

*An EPITAPH on T. B. a Quack-Doctor,
who turn'd POET.*

HERE lies interr'd, perhaps you do not know it,
Half a Quack Doctor, t'other half a Poet.
You'll say, 'Tis strange, but yet I'll prove it true,
For he was both a Quack, and Poet too;
Who read his Poetry, reap nothing from it,
Except sometimes it serves them for a Vomit.
I've heard it often said by them that knew him,
They can't tell which was worse, his Pill or Poem.
He had one constant Practice to allure Men,
His Works first gave the Gripes, then Physick cur'd them.

The AUTHOR's own Epitaph.

I'VE found, by a long experienc'd Life,
The World's made up of Faction, Noise and Strife.
Riches are Pain,
The World's a Bubble;
All Pleasure's vain,
And Life a Trouble.
Plagues I've had many,
Comforts but few,
True Joys, scarce any,
And so-----Adieu.

An EPIGRAM.

I'LL hold a Crown, quoth *Dick* to *Ned*,
 Thou often wrong'st thy *Neighbour's* Bed.
 And I, quoth *Ned*, will lay my *Life*,
 Thou always had'st a Tell-tale *Wife*.

A N O T H E R.

YOUNG *Gourtly* takes me for a *Dunce*,
 For all Night long I spoke not *Once*,
 On better Grounds I think *him such*,
 He spoke but *once*, yet once too *much*.

A Dialogue Song, between Mr. Henry
 Leer-well, and Miss Sally Wish-it.

Tune, *As I was walking, &c.*

H. D EAREST of Creatures with Rapture expiring,
 Let me rest on your Breast.
 S. Fye, Sir, you do but jest.
 H. Thus let me fold thee with Passion expiring.
 S. Pray, Sir, forbear,--he's--a delicate Man. [*Aside.*
 Now I'll be angry, [*Aside*] Begone--and unhand me.
 H. Frown not so, see I go-----
 S. My Pleasure now you know.
 H. Thus I obey whate'er you command me.
 S. Stay, Sir,---he'll win me now do all I can. [*Aside.*
 Can one Denial so soon cool your Fire?
 H. No, Fate alone can quench my Desire.

S. Yet,

S. Yet, Sir, you do but feign.

H. Oh! Now you smile again, I feel my Passion grow
(stronger.

Thus let me seal all my Vows with a Kiss.

S. *Aside.*] Who can withstand such wooing as this.

H. Rapture, and Extasy!

S. Now----now---I faint,-----I die.

Oh!-----I can hold out no longer.

The Complaint, a Song.

Tune, *Blow ye Winds,*

I.

THE Night was still, the Air serene,
Fann'd by a Southern Breeze,
The glimm'ring Moon might just be seen,
Reflecting through the Trees.

II.

The bubbling Waters constant Course
From off the adjacent Hill,
Was mournful Ecchoes last Resource,
All Nature was so still.

III.

The constant Lover sought his Shade,
By Sorrow sore oppress'd,
Close by a Fountain's Margin laid,
His Pain he thus exprest.

IV.

" Ah! wretched Youth, why did'st thou love,
" Or hope to meet Success,

" Or

“ Or think the Fair won’d faithful prove,

“ Thy blooming Hopes to blefs?

V.

“ Find me the Rose on barren Sands,

“ The Lilly ’midst the Rocks,

“ The Grape in wild deserted Lands,

“ The Wolf a Guard to Flocks.

VI.

“ Those, you, alas ! will sooner gain,

“ And will more easy find,

“ Than meet with ought but cold Disdain,

“ In faithless Woman kind.

VII.

“ Riches alone now win the Fair,

“ Merit they quite despise,

“ The constant Lover through Despair,

“ Because not wealthy, dies.”

Great *Noses* and little *Mouths*.

SAM *Wills* had view’d *Kate Betts*, a luscious Lass,
And for her pretty Mouth admir’d her Face,
Kate had lik’d *Sam* for Nose of *Roman* Size,
Not minding his Complexion, nor his Eyes.
They met---says *Sam*, alas ! to say the Truth,
I find myself deceiv’d by that *small Mouth*.
Alas ! cries *Kate*, cou’d any one suppose,
I cou’d be so deceiv’d by such a *Nose*.
But I henceforth shall hold this Maxim just,
To have Experience first, and then to trust.

F I N I S.

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